All Other Baking Powders

Are shown by the latest United States Gov't Report to be **Inferior to the Royal** in both Purity and Strength. (See Bulletin 13, Chemical Division of U. S. Agricultural Dept.)

Exercise and Blood Circulation.

The circulation is controlled mainly by the action of the heart. When the activity of this organ is increased, therefore the general circulation will be improved. Now, the heart is stimulated to action by the presence of blood in its cavities, and muscular exercise, by hastening the flow of venous blood, will be instrumental in sending more fluid through them in a given period of time, and consequently in stimulating the organ to increased activity.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Popular Science Monthly.

Not Thirsty.

Lady—Have you given the goldfish fresh water?

New Servant—No, ma'am; they have not finished the water I gave them the other day.—Exchange.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, INJURIES, CUTS, NEURALGIA. ALL ACHES, BURNS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, FROST-BITES, LUMBAGO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE BEST

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The palate is almost tickled with Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength it brings; it shows in the color of cheek and smoothing out of wrinkles.

It was a beautiful thing to do, to cover the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, and take health by surprise.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 44

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. INHERITED SCROFULA

MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1.

Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists.

Manufacturers: The A. Schoenbel Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.

Price, $2.00.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

A Bullet Riddled Cab Recalls an Incident of the Terrible Draft Riots.

While passing the Metropolitan hotel a few days ago my attention was attracted by an old and dilapidated looking cab that stood in the long line of carriages in front of the hotel waiting for fares. It seemed so out of place among the twenty or more well kept vehicles that I was about to ask the driver, an old man, why he did not paint it up a little, when he anticipated my question by saying: "I suppose you are wondering how I manage to make a living with this old cab when I have to compete with such fine looking vehicles as one sees on Broadway. I don't know just how I manage to do it myself, but I make a fair living, and somehow or other I have always neglected to get it painted.

"There is a story connected with it, and if you come this way some time again I'll tell it to you."

Niblo's had not yet opened its doors, and offering the old man a cigar I pressed him to tell the yarn.

"Do you see those little holes in the back? Well, they were made by bullets, and the ride during which the old cab was riddled was the most exciting one I ever had in thirty years' experience. It happened during the draft riots. One morning early I was down near the Battery. There had been rumors of trouble for several days, and we expected it every moment.

"A gentleman who came down town told me that the rioters were out in force at last, and thinking that my cab, which was then new, was safer in the stable, I started up Broadway. Near Canal street I heard an awful shouting, and as I reached the corner I saw an army officer running toward Broadway followed by a mob of fully six hundred men and boys. I started to drive away, but as I saw the mob gaining on him I stopped and shouted to him to jump into the cab.

"He just reached it in time. As he pulled the door shut the leader of the mob reached the cab and tried to open the door. I heard the report of a pistol and saw the pursuer fall with a bullet in his brain. Then we started. My horse was a spirited one, and although he went faster that day than ever before in his life the mob continued to keep pace with us. They soon began to fire at us and in less than five minutes the rear end looked like a sieve. The army officer then took a hand in the pistol practice and the way he dropped the rioters was a caution. Before we reached Grand street I believe he shot at least ten men, and seeing that they were only targets they finally stopped and we got away.

"The officer gave me $300 and the ride I had to take was worth every cent of the sum."

The old cab driver stopped talking, a gentleman and lady left the hotel, and after looking at the well kept carriages, stepped into the bullet riddled cab, gave the order, "Grand Central depot," and in a moment the old time vehicle was rattling up Broadway.—New York Telegram.

Points on Etiquette for Men.

There are observances needed to give grace and finish to a man's demeanor. One of these is the prompt removal of the hat, not only when meeting an acquaintance on the street or on coming into the house, but at other times—in a horse car, when tendering a seat to a lady and when she acknowledges the kindness by bow or word, in an elevator or a hotel corridor when a woman is present, and when kissing a woman, be she only one's wife, sister or daughter.

There are other things which every man ought to know—trifles, perhaps, but of consequence in making or marring the ease of others. Among them are the graceful customs of rising when a lady enters the room and remaining standing until she is seated; of opening the door for a lady and then stepping aside while she enters or leaves the room.

Among the small but unpleasant mannerisms which vex the housewife's soul is the custom hosts have of urging their guests to take a second supply by the assurance, "There is plenty more where this came from," or "There is a great quantity here." Every house keeper resents this remark as an implication that there has sometimes been a scarcity of supplies.—Harper's Bazar.

The Pocketbook Steal.

It was a neat trick. A man standing in a wagon was selling two dollar bills in a new pocketbook for $3, the pocketbook thrown in. A few of them went to the assistants and a few more to genuine buyers. After three or four of the latter sort had been sold a five dollar bill was put into an exceptionally fine wallet and offered for sale for $5. A man bought it.

"Now, you put that in your pocket and walk across the street before you open it," said the vender.

The buyer, a stupid fellow, did nothing of the sort. He opened it at once and of course found it empty. Then he raised a hue and cry.

"Oh, here your money is!" explained the fakir, with a mirthless laugh. "I must have made a mistake. Give me the pocketbook and I'll put it in."

The book was returned.

"Now," he continued, sitting down and taking the bill in his hand, "do you see this?"

"Yes," replied the deceived.

"Well, you'll never see it again. Get up, Roxie." And the horse almost ran over a fat banker who had stopped to see the fun, and the rig disappeared around the corner for the day.—New York Telegram.

What Lawyers Are For.

One of Mr. Gould's attorneys went to him not long ago to explain that some act of himself and his Missouri Pacific board was illegal and had got the company into trouble. "Mr. Gould," said he, "it seems to me you should have consulted your legal advisers before doing this. Any lawyer would have told you that it was illegal." Mr. Gould hung his head a minute and then raised it and said: "Yes, I know you would have advised against it, and that's the reason I didn't consult you. But the thing is done and it can't be undone, and now it's for you lawyers to get us out of the scrape the best way you can. That's what we keep lawyers for."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Too Good.

Mrs. Bingo—You know you spoke about giving those old clothes of Tommy's to the poor. On second thought, hadn't we better send them over to the minister's children?

Bingo—Capital. But in that case I guess you had better let Tommy wear them a few weeks longer.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The largest building in the world is undoubtedly the Freihaus, situated in the suburbs of Vienna. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work. It contains about 1,500 rooms divided into 400 dwelling apartments, which are occupied by 2,100 people.

FERRY MINSTRELSY.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO MAKE A LIVING BY THEIR WITS.

Musicians and Acrobats Among the Persons Who Coax Coins from the Pockets of Passengers on New York Ferries. Their Money Sometimes Earned.

Of the many curious classes of charities in the vicinity of this city, the ferryboat fakirs come very near being the most interesting. To the passengers and commuters on the numerous lines of ferries at both sides of the city they have been a source of amusement for many years.

Probably the most interesting and welcome character on the boats is an old negro. He begins operations with the rush of traffic at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

He takes a seat in the rear of the men's cabin, and just after the boat starts he walks into the passageway between the two cabins and begins to whistle, very softly at first, "The Mocking Bird." Without a single break he finishes the air, a marvel of sweetness and simplicity. Then he begins it again. This time a little louder and with variations.

Old men put down their papers and listen intently; the conversation becomes subdued and then ceases; the boys leave their seats and stand at the entrance to the passageway, but the old darky never stops, and all the time his wonderful exertion is becoming more and more melodious.

Finally he launches off into a series of sweet toned notes, and a look of mingled interest and admiration steals over the faces of all within hearing distance. Then he drops back into the air again and the tune is finished very softly.

APPEALS TO WOMEN.

The old negro then walks to the end of the cabin and, holding his hat out, bows low and passes around the seats, all the time whistling some lively little tune, interspersed with melodious variations. The nickels, dimes and pennies rattle an accompaniment to his music and his nightly collections vary from $6 to $12. On Sunday nights he can be seen on the boats running from Cortlandt street, and then he selects the ladies' side of the boat. Standing under one of the chandeliers, with his hat in his hand, he whistles "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and repeats it with variations. All of his selections on Sunday nights are popular hymns, and for his sweet and soulful rendition of them he is well repaid.

Lately the attention of the passengers has been attracted by a deformed boy, who works upon the different lines from early morning until late at night. His entire left side is paralyzed, shortening his leg and drawing up his arm. The side of his face is also affected. His clothing is poor and scanty.

When the boat is well out in the river the boy enters the forward door of the lady's cabin and stands for a moment at the threshold, apparently uncertain what to do. Then he takes from an inside pocket of his coat two lead pencils, sharpened and provided with rubbers. Holding these in his perfect hand he limps slowly around in front of the seats, pausing a moment before each passenger, mutely asking them to buy.

His face is a picture of despair, and many a dime and nickel are dropped into his hand. Nine out of every ten passengers refuse a pencil after they have given him alms, but if one is taken he continues his journey holding the remaining one out for sale. If that too happens to be taken the little fellow dives down and brings out two more from his inside pocket. The little scheme succeeds admirably, and he does not dispose of more than four or five pencils a day. The boy is a professional beggar and under the eyes and training of his father.

ATHLETIC FEATS.

Among the most interesting characters are two brothers between the ages of 14 and 17 years. As soon as the boat is well on its trip they appear at one end of the cabin and one of them, taking off his hat, says:

"Gentlemen, if you have not got any objections we would like to entertain you for a few moments. Although we make our living this way, we only ask for what you think we are worth."

Both bow, and with a quick movement the younger lad puts his foot in his brother's hand and is thrown high into the air. Turning a back somersault he lands on his feet on the floor. Picking himself quickly up he mounts on his brother's shoulders and again turns backward to the floor. Three or four more combination feats of this nature are accomplished, when the two boys stop for a moment's rest and then go at it again. They turn forward and backward somersaults, leap to one another's shoulders, and finally walk around the cabin on their hands.

During trips where the cabin is filled they are roundly applauded for their work, and both live nicely from the collections they make. They have at different times filled small engagements, but they say there is more money in the ferry boats for them, and besides they are their own masters.

Another of the deserving characters is an Irish boy, who generally makes his appearance in the cabin with the following remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if it will not bother you too much I'd like to give you a little exhibition of dancing. I will first dance you an Irish reel and jig, next a clog, next a shuffle, and the last a wing dance. Please notice the different steps."

He takes a small harmonica from his pocket and, after tapping the floor with his foot, begins his Irish jig. As he changes the music his steps and the style of dance change, and, true to his word, he ends with the wing dance. It is a clever piece of work, for playing quick jigs is not easy, especially when one dances to his own music. The boy's steps are accurate and light, and he is frequently applauded and well repaid for his work.—New York World.

When a Woman Will.

A young wife who is just mastering the mysteries of housekeeping used more kindling wood for her kitchen fire than her husband liked to split, and he decided to prepare only a certain amount and to limit her to what he thought a proper quantity. The first time she ran short she promptly dumped in the family stock of clothespins to make the muffins bake and sent out to the grocer's for a fresh supply. A woman can circumvent the poor worm, man, almost any day in the week, and not half try.—Springfield Homestead.

A Fit Subject.

The Mesmerist—Will some one who is acquainted here kindly select a good subject and ask him to step up?

Voice from the audience—You don't want a man of strong will power, do you?

Mesmerist—No, sir. Just the opposite.

Voice—Here he is; the only man in the crowd who allows his wife to select his neckties for him.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Bold Huntsman.

Shooting, as a sport, has a ridiculous as well as a cruel side. A man entering a country railroad station saw another man standing with a gun under his arm, evidently relating a hunting experience to two other hunters.

"I fired," said the man with the gun, "and the animal fell plump to the ground, but he was only wounded, and started up. I pursued him with the relentlessness of a red Indian, and with the clubbed butt of my gun I finished him!"

"What sort of a beast was this?" asked the newcomer.

"A chipmunk," said the man with the gun.—Youth's Companion.

THE PICKPOCKET'S ART.

A Devotee Dilates Upon the Beauties and Intricacies of the Business.

There is no class of artists, said a renowned thief, who in their calling are as dexterous as pickpockets. This is due to a double incentive. Not only does your pickpocket find a bait for effort and exertion in success, but has the added spur of a fear of failure. Success means as much to a pickpocket as to any man, and failure means a great deal more. A vocation in which the slightest slip means loss of liberty, and perhaps of life, will ever be apt to have a degree of expertness in its followers not present in more reputable and safer avenues of trade.

Pickpockets, like poets, are born, not made. Their nerves must be iron, and yet as sensitive as instinct. Their hands must be as complete in make up and accomplishment as Herrmann's, and strong as steel while light as down. Out of the vast army of humanity who are soldiers of the shadows only one-fourth of 1 per cent. can or do become pickpockets. These form the nobility of thieves, and are reverenced by the burglar, the footpad, the sneak and the "con" man as of a higher class than they. The practice of a pickpocket while not really at work is as constant as that of some famed professor of the viol or harp. He keeps pace with the procession. No sooner does some jeweler invent a new fastening for diamond pins or studs than these men of finest touch devise the motion which evades its purpose.

The chief object of a pickpocket, after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash. Speaking of pins and studs, there has never been a fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat it in a motion. They do in their busines as fine work as any Houdin, and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its detail. His powers of execution have gone far beyond his power of perception or relation.

A pickpocket consults his own nervous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerves as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right he won't "work." When he does, I've known one on the impulse to take a car on some well dressed and wealthy street, and, seating himself side to the window, survey the shirt front of every would be passenger as the car came up. The moment one showed a diamond in his linen or cravat the thief would hurry to the platform to get off. He would time his maneuvers so as to meet his man on the step of the car. They would collide.

The thief's hat—a stiff silk or Derby—is in his left hand and covers his dexterous right, which is put forward to protect its owner in the collision. It touches the newcomer right where the diamond sparkles, and it is still covered by the hat in the other hand. With an apology the thief steps out of the way. The whole affair is the tenth part of a second, but as he bows his regrets he has the diamond in that mysterious hand of his, and, as I have said, he could not detail the moves by which he attained it, even if he should try.—Kansas City Star.

The Woodpecker's Store House.

While walking through the Museum of Natural History at Central park recently I saw in one of the glass cases part of a cedar telegraph pole thickly perforated with holes. On inquiry I learned that these holes had been dug in the pole by the California woodpecker, for the purpose of storing acorns for its winter food. Some of the acorns may still be seen in the pole, although most of them had been extracted before it was cut down.

It has long been known that these busy workers store acorns in the bark of standing trees, but the use of a telegraph pole for this purpose is an entirely new selection, and while perhaps the feathered gentry find it a very convenient storehouse, their method of taking possession is decidedly damaging to the telegraph pole.

There is a cousin of this same bird in Mexico who has discovered that the stalk of the aloe makes a much better storehouse than trees or telegraph poles, besides saving him a great deal of labor. The aloe after flowering dies, but the hollow stalk remains standing. The flinty texture of the stalk is easily pierced through to the central cavity by the woodpecker, who then thrusts in an acorn, then another and another, until the hollow space is filled to the level of the hole.

He then makes a second opening higher up and thrusts in more acorns until the level of that hole is read. So he proceeds all the way up the stalk until it is completely filled with acorns. Often aloes thirty miles distant from the nearest oak tree have been found stored in this way, involving a journey for the birds of sixty miles for each acorn stored.

All this good work is turned to use in times of famine, when not only the woodpeckers but other birds and even animals live on this preserved food.—St. Nicholas.

Comfort in Shoes.

A "retired shoe dealer, whom mercenary considerations no longer deter from giving advice as to the proper care of shoes," says: A pair of shoes made of good leather will last much longer if properly cared for than when neglected. When shoes are only blacked the leather soon becomes hard and dry, the best fitting pair will be uncomfortable, and here and there little cracks will appear, which will soon become chasms. Every week or two the blacking should be wiped off with a damp cloth, the shoe should be allowed to dry, and then be rubbed with the best harness oil.

Every part, including the sole and the seams, should be oiled, and the oil given a chance to soak in. The toughest leather can be made soft in this way, and good leather will, after this treatment, feel like kid. The shoe will wear three times as long and be much more comfortable.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Neutralizing Lightning Pains.

A singular phenomenon of the lightning flash is that its chief effects are observable only at the points of its entrance and exit. Thus a flash which entered a school room injured only the first and last child on the form, those between escaping unhurt. The most effective treatment of lameness and other ailments due to lightning is the application alternately to the head, trunk and limbs of a large horseshoe magnet. In case of a quite recent stroke the clothing should be unfastened, the patient laid with the head high and quietness and fresh air should be secured. If consciousness does not return the head should be exposed to a stream of cold water.—New York Journal.

A Long Sentence of Six Letters.

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words, which some ingenious person has constructed of the six letters found in the word "maiden:"

Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.—St. Louis Republic.

An Adventurous Bush.

There was noticed one summer in Concord, N. H., an odd appearance in the topmost branches of a tree believed to be 125 years old, and the observers could hardly believe their eyes. But when an adventurous marine climbed up the old giant he found that the sight had not been deceived; a currant bush was growing contentedly up there, and clusters of ripe fruit were hanging from the stems as if it were the natural thing for currant bushes to grow in the tops of century-old trees. It is supposed that earth collected by the winds of years in the little clefts, and that the seeds of the currant had been brought by birds, to find their home in the gathered soil.

About Gloves at Night.

Some odd notions creep into print about toilet treatment. One lately says that wearing gloves at night wrinkles the hands and makes them yellow. That depends entirely on the care taken in the matter. Worn as sleeping gloves usually are, as long as they will hold together, soiled to begin, soaked with repeated dressings of cold cream, not too good at the start, and rancid with the heat of wearing them for hours longer than a woman ever wears gloves for dress, unless at a ball, it is no wonder they turn the skin yellow and draw it into wrinkles.

Soaking the hands with olive oil, almond oil or vaseline will yellow them in time, as the skin takes the hue of oiled paper or parchment. But choosing a pair of easy fitting old gloves, well cleaned inside as well as out, the hands, not the gloves, well rubbed with any wholesome dressing, they cannot but be very much improved by the wearing. It is not easy to see why it should be injurious to wear gloves to sleep in any more than stockings. There is really no way of keeping housekeeping hands in order without the practice.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

Mailed His Pipe.

That the groom of one of last week's weddings was so deeply enamored of his fair bride as to foreshadow the future happiness of the couple is perhaps augured by a little incident which he does not mind telling himself. It was in the early days of their acquaintance, and he was about mailing his first note to her. Although the missive was a comparatively unimportant one, relating to some intended courtesy, its writing had been mingled with much absorbing thought of what future notes to her might breathe, and he walked down the street to mail it, puffing some very pleasant pictures from his meerschaum. At the box, still absorbed, he dropped, as he thought, the letter into the receptacle and retraced his steps to his apartments. As the door was reached he found the note still in his hand. What, then, had he put into the box? His pipe, of course, and there he found it a few minutes later, bowl out, the long stem deep among Uncle Sam's mail.—Exchange.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Dr. Parker's Sure Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agent, Geo. Dahlbender & Co., Druggists, 214 Kearny street, San Francisco.

Great Provocation.—Mamma—Johnny, did you strike Willie? Johnny—Yes, 'em; but he hit me back.

Holiday Presents.

Holiday presents in Jewelry for everybody. Send to A. Feldenheimer, leading Jeweler, First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

A restaurant keeper can make both ends meat by serving calf's head and ox-tail soup.

Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds.

For a first-class article in Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, etc., send to A. Feldenheimer, leading Jeweler, First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can't reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents.

A. Feldenheimer.

Most reliable and largest Jewelry House in Portland is A. Feldenheimer's, leading Jeweler, First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell

Eat GERMEA for breakfast.

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The shadows that fill your life, if you're a feeble, suffering woman, can be taken out of it. The chronic weaknesses, functional derangements, and painful disorders peculiar to your sex, can be taken away. The one unfailing remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It corrects, cures, and builds you up. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, leucorrhea, and all kindred ailments, it's a positive specific—one that is *guaranteed*. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is returned.

The great, griping, old-fashioned pills make trouble. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets prevent it. Their's is the *natural* way. Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved and cured. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "*Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used.*" For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Inhalator for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

If you have no appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick-Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, take

Tutt's Tiny Pills

They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. 25c.

VILE AND UNWORTHY

Of consideration are nostrums of which it is asserted—and there are many such—that they cure immediately bodily ailments of long standing. There are none such that can. Chronic disorders cannot be instantaneously removed. Continuity in the use of a genuine medicine, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will eradicate chronic physical evils. Not the least of these last in the force of its opposition to medicine is constipation, to the removal of which, if persisted in, the Bitters is particularly adapted. Constriction of the bowels is a complaint which should be dealt with early and systematically. So are its usual attendants, liver complaint and dyspepsia. For these, for malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and more recently "la grippe," this highly and professionally commended medicine is an undoubted specific. Nothing can exceed it, moreover, as a means of imparting strength to the feeble and nervous.

Gay—The Widow Weed wears very heavy mourning, Day—Yes, but she doesn't feel as black as she is dressed.

LETTER FROM CYRUS W. FIELD, JR.

8 EAST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, May 8, 1888.

Several times this winter I have suffered from severe colds on my lungs. Each time I have applied ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and in every instance I have been quickly relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends, through my advice, have tried the experiment and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them.

CYRUS W. FIELD, JR.

In his moments of abstraction even the pickpocket thinks time is money.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all *Private* diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

The cucumber does its best fighting after it is down.

For bronchial, asthmatic and pulmonary complaints "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

A clock is very different from a man. When it strikes it keeps on working.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Soller Altoona, Pa.

Both Had Eczema In Its Worst Form

After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents:

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"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the

Worst Form of Eczema

for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them or even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a month both children were perfectly cured. We recommend

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as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." MR. and MRS. M. M. SOLLER, 1412 2d Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

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